

THE IDAHO PAGEANT  
"The Light on the Mountains"



PRINTED IN  
*The Blue Bucket*

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO  
Commencement  
1923

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THE IDAHO PAGEANT  
"The Light on the Mountains"

A COMMUNITY DRAMA

DONE AT

THE UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO

Commencement, 1923

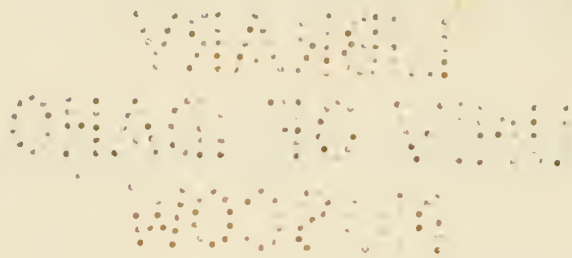


Printed in THE BLUE BUCKET, A Magazine

The English Club

University of Idaho

Vol. I      June, 1923      No. 3



## FOREWORD

In the Idaho Pageant, the University seeks to portray in drama, dance and song the history of the state from the time of Indian occupation to the present day. A careful historical study has been made for each episode. Wherever possible, actual words of characters as reported in diaries, memories or authentic histories have been used. In arranging the material, however, a certain freedom has been exercised for the sake of clarity and dramatic effect. At the same time the aim of the makers of the pageant has been to recapture in a measure not only the flavor of life in the early days in Idaho, but also the true spirit of the pioneer.

The Idaho Pageant is a folk enterprise, a community drama, produced by the co-operative effort of every department of the University. In a community spirit, therefore, the University cordially offers the pageant for use in whole or in part by any school or community in Idaho. Nothing in an Idaho school or community could be more greatly worth while than to remind a new, comfortable generation of the price paid for their heritage by those who, in the old days, made their way westward into a gray, unknown land where beckoned the Light upon the Mountains.

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## THE OUTLINE OF THE PAGEANT

### *THE MASQUE*

Part I. "And Romance Lies in Her Name."

Part II. The Indian Prophecy.

### EPISODE I.—THE TRAIL BREAKERS.

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Part II. Trader and Trapper.

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Scene 2. The Trapper—John Reed on Boise River, 1814.

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Scene 3. The Last Stand.

### *FINALE—PAST AND PRESENT.*



**"Pioneers, O Pioneers!"**



# The Blue Bucket

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and  
look behind the Ranges—  
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and  
waiting for you—Go!"

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Vol. I

June, 1923

No. 3

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## "The Light on the Mountains"

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### THE MASQUE

And here we have Idaho  
Winning her way to fame;  
Silver and gold in the sunlight blaze  
And romance lies in her name.

Singing, we're singing of you,  
Ah, proudly, too,  
All our lives through we'll go  
Singing, singing of you,  
Alma Mater, our Idaho.

#### Part I—"And Romance Lies in Her Name."

*The pageant is announced by a trumpet call. The UNIVERSITY, as chronicler, advances to the speaking place, where a flag is planted between a soldier and sailor guard. The guard retires, the UNIVERSITY remaining with the flag. Following the UNIVERSITY come musicians, then armed cadets with massed colors, then IDAHO, shining in silver and gold; upon her forehead, a star. She is attended by maids-of-honor carrying syringa blossoms. As IDAHO makes her way across the field towards the stands, hidden singers begin, softly, "Here We Have Idaho." At the stands the cadets execute a movement to form a lane of men at "present arms," through which IDAHO passes to her throne. When she is seated, IDAHO makes a sign. The musicians blow a short blast. Whereupon the UNIVERSITY, a lone, motionless figure beside the flag, speaks the theme of the pageant.*

To all who love a brave tale bravely told!  
To all who love the romance in a name!  
I greet you kindly for my mistress' sake,

For Idaho, the daughter of the hills,  
Star-crowned, and shining with eternal snow.  
She welcomes you to this our pageant,  
Which, like a fair scroll done in colors, tells  
Her story—what things of bold adventure,  
Noble failure, hardiness, tears and sin  
Were done for her sake in the days of old.  
A stirring tale! The romance of a name!

*(The roll of a war-drum is heard, like an echo among the hills. A light falls upon the hilltop.)*

The Indian whispered by his teepee fire  
That long ago a star fell from the sky,  
And lodged among the summits of the hills;  
Never to be found, but beckoning at dawn.  
E-dah-ho, the Light upon the Mountains!  
A high and troubled vision in the West,  
To all men different yet to all the same.  
To the Indians, E-dah-ho, a sky spirit.  
To explorers, the distant shining peaks.  
To traders, the brush of the silver fox.  
To missionaries, the sign of God.  
To emigrants, the promise of a home.  
To prospectors, the glint of yellow gold.  
To cowboys, the starlight on the range.  
To troops, the rosy glow at reveille.  
To homesteaders, the snow upon the hills.  
To all men different, yet to all the same.  
You who may know serenity and peace  
In the sweet twilight hush on town and field,  
You who may hear children laugh to spy  
The new moon tipp'd above the locust trees,  
You who may gather lilac-bloom, or count  
The roses budding on the garden wall,  
Turn back with me to days when these were not,  
To dawning in a gray dim savage land,  
Where, on the topmost mountains, shone a light  
Whose quest has drawn the restless ones of earth.  
Let the tale begin!

#### Part II.—The Indian Prophecy

SCENE. *A Shoshoni Indian encampment among the mountains in what is now Lemhi County, Idaho. It is night. In the foreground a glowing campfire, the center of a group of seated warriors. Vaguely outlined in the darkness beyond the fire stand two or three teepees, from one of which sounds the lullaby of an Indian mother. Near the teepee graze the Indian ponies, ready for action. In the background a motionless horseman guards the camp. At the fire a warrior*



*begins a measured beat upon a drum of stretched buffalo hide. Then WALKING THUNDER, the medicine man, casts aside his robe and takes his place within the magic circle. He is a hideous figure, feathered, painted, naked to the waist, and belted with the skin of a rattlesnake. In his hand he holds the sacred calumet. He points the pipe towards the four cardinal points of the heavens—to the east, to the south, to the west, to the north. He takes three whiffs upon the pipe, then hands it to the chief who in turn takes three whiffs and passes it to the warrior on his right. The pipe continues to go round the circle during the ceremony. The medicine man takes up a buffalo skull and a gourd partly filled with dry seeds. He begins a magic incantation, swaying slowly from side to side to the rhythm of the drum, now holding aloft the bleached skull, now the rattling gourd. Suddenly he stops. The beating on the drum ceases. The medicine man points to a spot at the edge of the timber where a light appears. The music begins for*

#### THE DANCE OF THE INDIAN SPIRITS.

*The Indian spirits of the Wild Places appear in the light at the edge of the timber. They are the spirits of the Hills, the spirits of the Woods, and the spirits of the Waters. They dance in joyful abandonment, happy in the possession of well-stocked hunting grounds, of lakes and rivers teeming with fish, of pleasant upland meadows aflower with camas. Suddenly the music strikes an ominous note and dies away. The roll of a war-drum is heard, like an echo among the hills. The spirits stop dancing, cluster together as if in fear, and, retreating, point to the hilltop. There a light breaks, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The HORSEMAN slowly raises his right arm and points towards the east. Both HORSEMAN and spirits vanish.*

#### THE WARRIORS ON ONE SIDE OF THE FIRE CHANT IN UNISON.

Warriors of the bold Shoshoni,  
Riders of the plains and mountains,  
You have seen the magic vision,  
Seen the dancing Indian spirits,  
Seen the Light Upon the Mountains,  
E-dah-ho, the Sky-magician.  
Harken to his fateful message,  
Through the lips of Walking Thunder!  
Many moons ago our fathers,  
Wanderers from the arid southland,  
Coming on these plains and mountains,  
Took them for their children's children,  
Took the woods and shining waters.

#### THE WARRIORS ON ONE SIDE OF THE FIRE CHANT IN UNISON.

O the mountains in the morning,  
When the thin blue smoke is rising!

O the peaks beyond the pine trees,  
 Where the snows lie white forever!  
 O the pleasant upland meadows,  
 Where the camas flower blossoms!  
 O the timber'd drinking places,  
 Where the deer trails come together!

THE WARRIORS ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE FIRE TAKE UP  
 THE CHANT.

O the purple sage at sunset,  
 When the ev'ning shadows lengthen!  
 O the light upon the river,  
 As it falls among the lavas!  
 O the mighty night wind rushing  
 Through interminable spaces!  
 O the warden stars of heaven,  
 Shining on the willow lodges!

THE MEDICINE MAN SPEAKS.

These things have you known, my brothers!  
 But another day is dawning,  
 Full of sorrow for the redman;  
 He must leave his plains and mountains!  
 As the ice upon the river,  
 When the moon of blossoms ripens,  
 So the Indian race must vanish,  
 And be known no more hereafter.  
 In his place shall come the white man,  
 Tab-ba-bone, the palefaces,  
 From the lands beyond the sunrise,  
 Westward by the Muddy river  
 Shall they come; at first but slowly,  
 Like the trickling of new waters.  
 Then I see the restless strangers,  
 With their women and their children,  
 Like a mighty flood in springtime  
 Burst upon our plains and mountains.  
 They will clear away our forests,  
 Dam our teeming lakes and rivers,  
 Bring the water to the desert,  
 Make it bear both root and flower,  
 Like our pleasant upland meadows.  
 I can see the iron horses  
 Lighting up the plains at midnight—  
 Great is Tab-ba-bon-e, white man,  
 Lo; the poor Indian!



## THE CHIEF SPEAKS.

Who shall see this, Walking Thunder?

## WALKING THUNDER.

When the foe shall come upon us,  
When they steal a Shoshone maiden—  
This shall be the sign, my brothers.  
She shall lead the first palefaces  
Westward to our plains and mountains,  
To the far-off Shining Water.  
Sacajawea, the Bird Woman!  
Thus speaks E-dah-ho the mighty,  
Thus the Light Upon the Mountains,  
Through the lips of Walking Thunder.

*The medicine man takes his place at the fire. The lullaby of an Indian mother is heard once more. It is broken by the war-whoop which rises in the darkness beyond the firelight. Hostile Indians charge down upon the camp. They belong to a war-party of the Minnetarees, hereditary enemies of the Shoshoni. The latter spring to arms and rush to meet the foe. The roll of a war drum is heard, like an echo among the hills. The fighting ceases. A light breaks upon the hilltop, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. There is a great cry, "E-dah-ho!" The HORSEMAN points to a spot on the plain where, under another light, rides a Minnetaree warrior, bearing in his arms a captured Shoshoni papoose. From the teepee comes the anguished cry of a bereaved mother. The light on the hilltop dies away. The HORSEMAN disappears. On the plain, campfire, teepees and Indians vanish as in a dream. The music is that of the chant.*

## EPISODE I.—THE TRAIL BREAKERS

## Part One—The Explorer.

Lewis and Clark, August 11, 1805

SCENE: *The scene of the prophecy (in what is now Lemhi County, Idaho) twenty years later. Into the light comes a band of Shoshoni Indians. The main body halts, remaining in the background throughout the scene. Two warriors come forward. They are CHIEF CAMEAHWAIT, son of the old chief of the prophecy and brother of the captured Bird-woman, and WALKING THUNDER, the medicine man, now of great age. As they near the spot of the incantation they hesitate as if in fear of a haunted place.*

WALKING THUNDER. Tread lightly, O chief; you are on medicine ground.

CAMEAHWAIT (eagerly). Is this then the place of prophecy?

WALKING THUNDER. It is the place. Many moons ago, in your father's time, Walking Thunder made medicine upon this ground. Here spoke he with E-dah-ho, the Light upon the Mountains, and made a prophecy.

CAMEAHWAIT. And the prophecy? I would hear it again.

WALKING THUNDER. (hesitating as if trying to recollect something half-forgotten; then breaking into a chant.)

Sacajawea the Bird-woman,  
 She a child of the Shoshoni,  
 Stolen from among her people,  
 She shall lead the first palefaces  
 Westward over plains and mountains,  
 To the far off Shining Water.  
 Thus spoke E-dah-ho the mighty  
 Through the lips of Walking Thunder.

CAMEAHWAIT. And then?

WALKING THUNDER. The foe came down on us. We drove them off, taking six scalps. But they carried away your sister, the little Bird-woman. Again we saw E-dah-ho, the Light Upon the Mountains!

CAMEAHWAIT. Where did the light shine?

WALKING THUNDER (*pointing*). On that hilltop shone the light.

*The two look fearfully towards the hilltop. A distant roll of a war drum is heard, like an echo among the hills. The braves cry out, a cry repeated by the Indians in the background as a light breaks upon the hilltop, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night.*

CAMEAHWAIT. E-dah-ho!

WALKING THUNDER. Lo; the Light upon the Mountains!

*The HORSEMAN slowly raises his right arm and points to the crest of a lower hill where a second light appears. Then he vanishes; the second light alone remains. Into its circle breaks an INDIAN WOMAN. She stands motionless, looking down upon the plains, her hand shading her eyes. With her free hand she beckons to some one behind her. Into the light step two white men clad in fringed deerskin hunting shirts and leggings. One wears an officer's three-cocked hat with a feather; the other, a coonskin cap. They are LEWIS and CLARK. CLARK carries a long rifle, LEWIS bears an American flag with fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. LEWIS plants the flag upon the hilltop. The three remain motionless while the "Star-spangled Banner" is played. Then the WOMAN points to the light on the plain where the two Indians have made the tableau of "The Coming of the White Man"—the old medicine man standing impassive, his arms folded across his breast; the young chief leaning forward in eager anticipation, his hand extended towards the strangers on the hilltop. The light on the hill vanishes, to reappear immediately on the plain near the Indians. Into its circle stalks SACAJAWEA, the BIRD-WOMAN, closely followed by LEWIS and CLARK, and at a greater distance by DREWYER, SHIELDS, and CLARK'S negro servant, YORK. In answer to a signal from CAMEAHWAIT two young braves detach themselves from the Indian band in the background and run to their chief. The white men halt and lay down their rifles. LEWIS hands the flag to CLARK and steps forward, rolling up his sleeve to show his white skin.*

LEWIS. Tab-ba-bo-ne! Tab-ba-bo-ne!



The BIRD-WOMAN advances slowly towards the Indian warriors. She sucks her fingers, the Shoshoni sign of kinship. Going up to CAMEAHWAIT, she gazes at him intently.

THE BIRD-WOMAN (*Throwing her blanket around Cameahwait*). My brother!

THE BRAVES. Sacajawea! The Bird-woman!

WALKING THUNDER. Lo, the day of prophecy!

THE BIRD-WOMAN. I am a Shoshoni woman, O my people! (*Weeping.*) These many years! (*Throwing wide her arms as if to embrace her native plains and mountains.*) These many years!

THE INDIAN BAND IN THE BACKGROUND CHANTS SOFTLY

O the mountains in the morning,  
When the thin blue smoke is rising!  
O the peaks beyond the pine trees,  
Where the snows lie white forever!  
O the pleasant upland meadows,  
Where the camas flower blossoms!  
O the timber'd drinking places,  
Where the deer trails come together!  
These things have you known, Bird-woman!

WALKING THUNDER. Child of the Shoshoni, welcome home. Whence come you after many years, and what strangers do you lead?

THE BIRD-WOMAN. I come from the Father of Waters. I lead paleface braves who seek the westward way to the Shining Water. Thus far have I led them. Now I seek the help of my people.

WALKING THUNDER (*to Cameahwait*). It is the will of E-dah-ho, the Light upon the Mountains. (*Cameahwait, nodding, places his hand upon the Bird-woman's head.*)

THE BIRD-WOMAN (*beckoning to the white men*). It is well, white captains. (*Pointing to Cameahwait*). This man is my brother. His name is Cameahwait. He is war chief of the Shoshoni. The Shoshoni are my people. (*Making a sweeping gesture*). These are my native plains and mountains. My people will give you horses. They will guide you through the mountain passes. (*To Cameahwait*). My brother, these men are chiefs. They are warriors of the Great White Father who lives eastward near the Bitter Water. They seek a way across the mountains. They bear gifts to exchange for horses and a guide.

CAMEAHWAIT (*advancing to Lewis and embracing him by putting his left arm over the explorer's right shoulder, clasping his back; at the same time applying his cheek to Lewis' cheek.*) A-hi-e! A-hi-e! (I am much pleased! I am much rejoiced!)

LEWIS. It is well, Bird-woman. We thank your brother and his people. They shall see that the white chiefs are not ungrateful. (*Pinning a medal upon*

*Cameahwait's breast*). See, Bird-woman, I make your brother a chief among the warriors of the whites.

*He signals to his men, who come up with packs. The Indians stare in amazement at the black man.*

THE BIRD-WOMAN (*amused at their wonder*). He is but a man, my people. Place your hands upon him.

*The young Indians cautiously lay hold of YORK, who wears a broad grin. Taking off his cap, the braves feel his woolly head.*

A BRAVE (*turning in amazement*). Lo, hair like moss upon the lava!

LEWIS takes gifts from the pack carried by DREWYER; blue beads and vermillion for the young braves; scarlet leggings for WALKING THUNDER; a looking-glass for CAMEAHWAIT.

CAMEAHWAIT (*holding up the mirror in wonder*). Lo, a thing like solid water, brilliant as the sun, showing my face!

LEWIS (*taking the flag from Clark and presenting it to Cameahwait*.) Tell your brother, Bird-woman, that among the white men this flag is an emblem of peace. Now that he has received it, let it be in future the bond of union between the Indian and the white man. To the white man, the Indian brings friendship: to the Indian, the white man brings gifts, and peace.

WALKING THUNDER (*shaking his head*). To the redman, war and death! (Chanting).

He must leave his plains and mountains,  
Leave the pleasant upland meadows,  
Leave the timber'd drinking places!  
As the ice upon the river,  
When the moon of blossoms ripens,  
So the Indian race must vanish,  
And be known no more hereafter.

LEWIS (*to the Bird-woman*.) What says the medicine man?

THE BIRD-WOMAN. Mind him not. He is old.

LEWIS lights a pipe and offers it to the Indians. Before they will receive it they pull off their moccasins. Then CAMEAHWAIT takes the pipe and points it towards the four cardinal points of the heavens—to the east, to the south, to the west, to the north.

LEWIS (*watching Cameahwait, then turning to Sacajawea*). What of the way, Bird-woman? Is it to the south?

THE BIRD-WOMAN. The way is not to the south. To the south is a desert and a great river, goslin-green. The river falls among the lavas with a thunder of mighty waters. To the south is death.

LEWIS. Is the way to the west?

THE BIRD-WOMAN. The way is not to the west. To the west are high mountains and a river white with rapids. It is the River of No Return.



LEWIS. Then the way is north, Bird-woman?

THE BIRD-WOMAN (*pointing*). The way is north. Through the mountains to the north runs an Indian road. It is immemorial. It was made by spirits. It is the Lolo. Through the Lolo you may cross the mountains and go down to the river of Clear Water, where you may build canoes; thence to the river goslin-green, where it, too, comes into the north; thence to the great River of the West; thence to the Shining Water. A journey of three moons.

LEWIS. It is well, Bird-woman. Let us go forward. Here, there is no water. (*Whites and Indians prepare to move towards the Indian camp.*)

CLARK (*to Lewis.*) What think you of the Bird-woman's story of the way to the north?

LEWIS. It may very well be true, but as we want to go west, I suggest we try a westward way first.

CLARK. If you like, I will explore the rivers she spoke of both in the south and in the west.

LEWIS. Good! In the meantime, I will trade for the horses we shall need.

CLARK. And if her story is true? If we cannot get through to the south or to the west?

LEWIS. Then we will go north. These waters run westward. Somewhere they *must* reach the sea.

*The expedition moves on slowly. The roll of a war-drum is heard, like an echo among the hills. A light breaks upon the hilltop, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The HORSEMAN points to the north. He vanishes, and hill and plain are dark. The music is "Yankee Doodle."*

## PART TWO—TRADER AND TRAPPER

### Scene I—The Fur Trader

David Thompson, the "Star Man," at Kullyspell House, 1809.

SCENE: Kullyspell House on Lake Pend d'Oreille near the present town of Hope on the eve of Easter Day, 1810. The house, floating the Union Jack, is outlined against the forest. In the foreground DAVID THOMPSON, trader for the Northwest Company, is closing a day's business with the Indians. He is about to conclude his last bargain—a handful of blue beads for a beaver hide. Near him a group of redmen are intent upon examining articles of white manufacture received in exchange for pelts. In the background, an Indian woman helps a COUREUR-DE-BOIS, or FOREST RUNNER, adjust his pack in readiness for a journey. Both trader and runner wear fringed deer skin hunting shirts, leggings, and beaded moccasins. The runner also wears a coonskin cap with furry ears, and is adorned with a scarlet sash and beaded pouches for powder, shot, and tobacco. Faintly, as from a distance, may be heard singing. It is an old voyageur's song, chanted by boatmen in a canoe coming up the lake. As the canoe draws nearer the dip of paddles may be heard in time to the refrain:

"Lui-ya longtemps que je t'aime  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai. . . . "

*The song ends abruptly. The canoe has reached the shore. Through the timber comes the CHIEF BOATMAN, holding aloft a paddle from which, in the moonlight, the water drips like diamonds. On the fringes of his hunting shirt are little bells which tinkle as he walks along. The runner accompanies him to THOMPSON'S side.*

THE RUNNER. The boat is here, Mr. Thompson. (*To the boatman*). Are ye ready to start back at once, Jules?

THE BOATMAN (*proudly*.) Je suis un homme du Nord.

THE RUNNER. Gude! I be ready too. Have ye a last word, chief?

THOMPSON. Only this, Sandy. Stop for nothing until you reach Fort William. Tell our agent there that the Hudson's Bay men are west of the Rockies. If we are to compete with them we must have more goods at once.

THE RUNNER. Shall I no tell the agent to send ye whiskey for tradin'?

THOMPSON. Never! See you, Sandy, I have ranged for the Northwest Company from the Great Slave to the Missouri. I have traced for them the headwaters of the Mississippi. In their service I have explored the Rockies from the head of the Saskatchewan. But never, to gain a single fur, never have I given whiskey to an Indian. And by St. David, I'll not begin it this side of the mountains.

THE RUNNER (*grinning*.) But the whiskey McTavish and McDonald compelled ye to take last trip? What became o' that, factor?

THOMPSON. I packed it on a balky horse. You will find splinters of the kegs in the house there. And you will report to my good friends McTavish and McDonald that the same costly accident will happen again if they make another unwise attempt to transport liquor across the mountains.

THE RUNNER (*laughing*.) Vera well, chief; I'll tell them. And gudebye to ye.

THOMPSON. Goodbye, Sandy, and God be with you. Mind ye, make speed.

THE RUNNER (*slapping the boatman on the back*). I'll trust ye for that, Jules. Ho! for the Beaver Club and rendezvous wi' the good lads o' the forest!

*Runner and boatman go down to the timber where the runner takes leave of his Indian wife. At the edge of the forest the boatman turns and waves his paddle. They disappear. The Indian woman stands motionless, gazing in the direction of the lake. The boat song arises, and the paddles dip in time to the refrain. In the meantime, THOMPSON counts his trade in furs. An INDIAN approaches the trader.*

THE INDIAN. Find the Great Spirit, Star Man. Find E-dah-ho, the Light upon the Mountains.

THOMPSON nods and takes up a sextant, with which he begins celestial observations. A SECOND INDIAN comes up, followed by the rest.

THE SECOND INDIAN. What is the Star Man doing with the shiny thing?



THE FIRST INDIAN. He is looking for the Great Spirit, so that he may speak with him.

THE SECOND INDIAN (*incredulously.*) Is it possible even for the Star Man to find the Great Spirit?

THE FIRST INDIAN. I speak. Once I came with the Star Man out of the north by the pass of Athabaska. We were so high upon the mountains we could touch the stars. Our dogs swam in the road beat by the snowshoes. The fierce Piegan warriors, thirsting for our blood, pressed close behind us. We had no food; we were faint; we could not fight. They had only to close in and kill. Lo; three great bears came from among the rocks and stood across the Star Man's tracks. The Piegans were afraid and slunk away. They saw that the Great Spirit protects the Star Man, the Great Spirit with whom he speaks in the night, when he is looking at the moon and stars. The Great Spirit tells the Star Man of what we know nothing.

THE SECOND INDIAN. Wise and mighty is the white man. He may find the Great Spirit. The redman may hear the Great Spirit in the rolling thunder; he may see him afar in the light coming down the mountain, but he cannot speak with him face to face. He cannot find E-dah-ho, the Light Upon the Mountains.

*Thompson, putting down the sextant, takes from his hunting shirt a Bible.*

THE FIRST INDIAN. Be silent. The Star Man has found the Great Spirit. Now he will speak with Him. He does this twice every day. To the Star Man the forest as well as the sacred teepee is a place of worship.

*THOMPSON (reading from the Bible, as is his daily custom.)*

"The voice of him that crieth in the wildegness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it; I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water; in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And a highway shall be there, and a way . . . it shall be for those, the way-faring men.

That they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none beside me. I am the Lord, and there is none else."

*THOMPSON and the Indians stand in silence. In the background the Indian woman still gazes in the direction of the lake. Very faintly, borne on the night wind from a great distance, comes a strain of the voyageur's song.*

"Lui-ya longtemps que je t'aime  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai. . . ."

*The scene slowly darkens. The roll of a war drum is heard like an echo among*

*the hills. A light breaks on the hilltop, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The HORSEMAN raises both arms skyward, as if imploring a greater Spirit. He vanishes, and hill and plain are dark. The music is the voyageur's song.*

### Scene II.—The Trapper

**John Reed, of the Astorians, on Boise River, 1814.**

SCENE: *On the banks of the Boise river in 1814. A light breaks on the mountain just a short way up the slope. A TRAPPER makes his way along the hillside. He wears fringed deer skin hunting shirt and leggings and carries a long rifle. He stops and bends down to examine a trap. Hearing a noise in the brush above him, he rises, leans forward at the alert, throwing up his rifle. A shot rings out. The trapper falls, his body rolling out of the light into the brush. The roll of a war drum is heard like an echo among the hills. A light breaks upon the hilltop, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The HORSEMAN brandishes a great spear as if in triumph. Light and figure vanish. From the timber on the hillside a war-whoop rises, dies away, and the night is still.*

### PART THREE—THE MISSIONARIES

**Scene I.—The Spalding Mission at Lapwai, 1836**

SCENE: *The Spalding mission station at Lapwai on an evening in autumn, 1840. In the background stands the famous Spalding cabin, the first dwelling house erected for a white family in Idaho. Indians go to and fro in front of the cabin; one bears a sack of corn from the grist mill; another carries a sickle. Under a tree is seated an Indian woman, sewing. An Indian youth traces out the letters in a book. In the foreground the REVEREND HENRY SPALDING is occupied in paying off Indian workers in the harvest. By his side stands OLD JOSEPH, chief of the Nez Percés. An Indian steps up and lays a deer skin at the missionary's feet.*

SPALDING. What is this for, Speaking Eagle?

SPEAKING EAGLE. It is the price of the salt the White Father sold me.

SPALDING (*pleased*.) You are honest, Speaking Eagle; I am happy.

SPEAKING EAGLE. The word of Speaking Eagle is never broken, White Father. (*He goes; another Indian pushes himself into line.*)

SPALDING. Back again, Rabbit Skin Leggings? What do you want now?

RABBIT SKIN LEGGINGS. Want shirt.

SPALDING. But you have done no work, and I gave you a shirt, free, yesterday. What have you done with that?

RABBIT SKIN LEGGINGS. Shirt gone.

SPALDING. You have been gambling again. (*To Joseph.*) Chief, this man is bad. He has gambled away his goods—his horses, his teepee, even his wife. He cannot keep his clothes on his back. I can do no more for him.

OLD JOSEPH (*to the Indian.*) You will join the hunting party that leaves at dawn for the buffalo country. Let me see you no more until the new moon. (*The Indian goes.*)



SPALDING (*looking after him*). I am troubled about him. He has an evil spirit.

OLD JOSEPH (*gravely*). For some of my people the new way is hard. My heart asks, "Can the red man learn to obey the white man's law?"

SPALDING. The spirit law is good for white and red men alike.

OLD JOSEPH. If not, then when white men come into this country the Indian must go.

SPALDING. You speak idly, chief. What will white men do in these savage hills?

OLD JOSEPH. Where one comes, others will follow. Let us reason together, White Father. Many moons ago only the Indian roamed these mountains. Then men with white faces came to our country to trade for furs. They were Frenchmen and they called our people "Nez Percés" because they wore rings in their noses for ornaments. Then came white men of your people. They were Lewis and Clark. These men talked straight and their hearts were kind. Then you came, White Father, to teach spirit law. For this we are grateful. But it will be bad for my people if other white men follow you, not to teach, not to help, but to take away.

SPALDING. Fear not, my brother. White men will never take away your country.

OLD JOSEPH (*shaking his head*). My heart forebodes evil. There is an old prophecy that a palefaced race shall drive the Indian from his inheritance. This prophecy must never come true. I have a son, White Father, who will lead my people after me. Before I die I shall say to him, "My son, all the land from these hills where, at dawn, the light comes down the mountain, to the Valley of Winding Waters is our home. Never part with it; never give it up. Never sell the bones of your father and mother." Thus I shall speak with my son.

SPALDING (*placing his hand on the chief's shoulder*). No white man will settle in your country, Joseph.

OLD JOSEPH. Some day white men will cast their eyes on my country and find it good.

*An Indian, exclaiming, points to the hilltop where a light breaks, revealing the motionless figure of a white man, on horseback, gazing down upon the valley. A moment later the light shines on the advancing figure of WILLIAM CRAIG, the first permanent white settler in Idaho.*

CRAIG (*holding out his hand*). The Reverend Mr. Spalding?

SPALDING. The same, sir, at your service. And you . . .

CRAIG. William Craig, a newcomer, just lookin' around. Back east a man located within a mile of my place. I couldn't stand such crowdin,' so I just naturally moved on.

SPALDING. You are heartily welcome. I trust you have not found the westward way unduly rough?

CRAIG. I reckon it was easier because you had blazed the trail. Back at Fort Boise they be still plumb astonished about your wife and Mrs. Whitman. Said they were the first white women to come over the mountains.

SPALDING. In God's work sir, and by His help, not our own. You will stay with us tonight? We shall be delighted to have you.

CRAIG. I was hopin' you would ask me, and I was pretty sure you would.

SPALDING. Good. (*To a young Indian.*) Little Owl, please call the White Mother. (*To Craig.*) You must meet the chief of the people among whom I labor. Joseph, this is Mr. Craig, a traveller.

OLD JOSEPH (*putting out his hand.*) How! (*Then he steps aside in dignified reserve.*)

CRAIG (*looking around*). You've made a good start here.

SPALDING. The result of four year's labor. There is still much to do, yet something has been accomplished. When we came here we found a people miserable, indolent, without a plow, a hoe, or a cow; not a kernel of grain, nor a foot of land in cultivation; living on fish, roots and game. Now we have a grist mill, a saw mill, a large farm fenced and watered. We have cattle and horses, and raise corn and wheat. As for the more important things, we have a church, an Indian school, and best of all (*taking from his pocket a book*) the New Testament translated into the Nez Perce tongue.

CRAIG. A printing press?

SPALDING. The first printing press on the Pacific slope.

CRAIG (*admiringly.*) Ye may be a preacher, Mr. Spalding, but I see ye're a little of everything else, too.

MRS. SPALDING comes up, with her little girl. *The child runs to OLD JOSEPH and takes his hand. The Indian places his free hand on the little one's head.*

SPALDING. My wife, Mr. Craig. Mr. Craig, my dear, a traveller who will remain with us a day or two, I hope.

MRS. SPALDING. It will be a pleasure to have you with us, Mr. Craig.

CRAIG. Ye're a brave woman, ma'am; a brave woman. To come so far into the wilderness among red Indians.

MRS. SPALDING (*taking her husband's arm.*) My husband's work is mine, Mr. Craig. Where he can go, I can go.

CRAIG (*noticing the child.*) And this is.....

MRS. SPALDING. Eliza Spalding, sir; the first white child born in this territory.

CRAIG. Ah, ma'am, before many more years they will be springing up everywhere like your mountain flowers.

MRS. SPALDING. And now, if you will come in, supper is waiting.

CRAIG. Supper! Seems to me I've heard that word before. And it's a good one.

SPALDING. Will you come in with us, Joseph?

*The chief shakes his head. He remains watching the whites as they move towards the cabin. From beneath his robe he takes out a New Testament, translated by Mr. Spalding into the Nez Perce tongue.*

OLD JOSEPH (*reading aloud, slowly.*) "And I say unto you that many shall



come from the east and west and shall sit again in the kingdom of heaven.

But the children of the kingdom shall be cast into outer darkness. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

*He replaces the book underneath his robe, then lifts his arms towards the mountains in earnest supplication. The roll of a war drum is heard like an echo among the hills. A light breaks on the hilltop, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The HORSEMAN stretches out both arms as if in blessing. The lights vanish and the scene is dark. The music is "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."*

**Scene 2.—The Mission of the Sacred Heart, 1842**

SCENE: *The mission of the Sacred Heart on the St. Joe river near the present site of St. Maries on an evening in autumn, 1842. The mission is of logs, surmounted by a cross. It is outlined against the beautiful forests that border the shadowy St. Joe. In the foreground is planted an American flag. Beside the flag, FATHER DE SMET and FATHER POINT, clad in the long black robes of the Jesuits, are receiving a deputation of three warriors from the Pend d'Oreilles, whose territories lie to the north. They have just finished the ceremony of the calumet, and the Indians are prepared to talk. Their spokesman is LEAPING CANOE, a sub-chief.*

LEAPING CANOE. Blackgown, I speak. We come to you from the Pend d'Oreilles. We are a small nation, but not unworthy. When the Blackfeet make war on us we send them away weeping like women. For a long time we have heard of you, and of the Black Book which tells of a new Great Spirit. Our fathers invoked the sun and earth. We do not know the word of the new Great Spirit. As yet all is darkness to us, but today I hope we shall see the light shine. Will you come to us? Speak, Blackgown, I have done.

DE SMET. Chief of the Pend d'Oreilles, your words make my heart glad. I know of your people and have long wished to visit them. You may be assured I will come. But the word of the Great Spirit may not be taught in a single day. It must be planted in your hearts and made to grow there like the new grass in the moon of blossoms. (*Pointing to the mission*). I have promised my friends the Coeur d'Alenes that this year I will teach them the Word. Tell your nation that when the bitter root blooms anew I will bring them the message of the Great Spirit.

LEAPING CANOE. Blackgown, my heart is filled with joy. I will return to my people and bid them make ready for your coming.

DE SMET. Good. Bid them prepare their hearts to receive the law of the Great Spirit. Say to them they must stop all evil practises. They must drink no firewater.

LEAPING CANOE. Blackgown, your words please me. For what is this firewater good? It burns the throat; it makes a man like a bear who has lost his senses. He bites, he growls, he falls down as if he were dead. Firewater does nothing but harm. Take it to our enemies and they will kill

each other; their wives and children will be worthy of pity. As for us, we do not want it; we are fools enough without it.

DE SMET. Tell them too, they must not steal horses.

LEAPING CANOE (*Surprised.*) They steal no horses, Blackgown, except from the Blackfeet.

DE SMET (*shaking his head.*) They must not steal horses even from the Blackfeet.

LEAPING CANOE. The Blackfeet are dogs. It is true, not long ago we smoked the calumet with the Blackfeet. But I said: "Blackfoot, I take your pipe, but be assured that I am aware your heart is disposed for war, and that your hands are stained with murder. I will smoke with you, since you desire it, but I am convinced that blood will soon be made to flow."

DE SMET. You must keep the peace with the Blackfeet. I do not war with the Blackfeet (*holding up the crucifix*) nor do I fear them. If you will follow the teachings of the Spirit laws that are contained within the Black Book you will prosper. Your lodges will not be empty nor will there be wailing of widows.

LEAPING CANOE. Blackgown, I understand you. You have said what is true. Your words have passed from my ears into my heart. I wish all could comprehend them. We will change our lives, and our children will live. Come to us, Blackgown, when the bitter root blooms. We will rejoice and prepare a great feast. Three of our fattest dogs shall be served you.

DE SMET (*smiling.*) My heart is grateful to the Pend d'Oreilles. When the bitter root blooms anew I will come. Farewell, O chiefs. (*He puts forth his hand in blessing.*) In Nomine Patris, Filii et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.

LEAPING CANOE. Now we are like the trees that have been despoiled of their leaves by the winter's blast. When the snow disappears from the valleys and the grass begins to grow our hearts will rejoice. Then we will set out to meet you. Farewell, Blackgown, farewell. (*The Indians depart.*)

FATHER POINT (*to De Smet.*) "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that sayeth unto Zion, thy God reigneth."

*The angelus begins to ring. Indian converts may be seen in prayer. The FATHERS bow their heads. The roll of a war drum is heard like a distant echo among the hills. A light breaks on the hilltop, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The HORSEMAN makes the sign of the cross. A light comes slowly down the mountain and hovers over the cross on the mission. The scene vanishes. The music is "Lead, Kindly Light."*



## PART FOUR—THE OREGON TRAIL

SCENE: *An encampment of EMIGRANTS on the Snake river on the old Oregon Trail in 1852. It is night. In the background are the covered wagons. In front of the wagons, throwing into relief their round, white tops, are glowing campfires. Around the fires the emigrants are resting after a day's slow toil across the gray, sage-covered plays of the Snake. The men are cleaning and mending equipment, the women are sewing; the children play among the wagons. Unobserved by the emigrants a light breaks upon the hilltop. It reveals the figure of an Indian scout, who gazes intently down on the camp, then stealthily withdraws. The emigrants sing; first a hymn, "O God our Strength in Ages Past," then songs of the trail. A woman sings "Home, Sweet Home." As the last strains of the song die away the roll of a war drum is heard like an echo among the hills. A guard, with a cry of alarm, points to the hilltop where a light breaks, revealing an Indian horseman in war-bonnet, naked to the waist, a rifle brandished in the air. The war-whoop rises; scurrying hostiles circle the camp. The men seize their weapons; the women load rifles; the children hide beneath the wagons. Shots are exchanged. A woman's scream rings out. The Indians are driven off. The war drum rolls faintly, as from a distance. Once more a light breaks upon the hilltop, revealing the Indian horseman in retreat over the crest. A pause, then the tune of the old hymn swells out once more.*

"Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure,  
Sufficient is thine arm alone  
And our defense is sure.

O God our help in ages past  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guide while life shall last  
And our eternal home."

*The scene vanishes. The light reappears, shining on a lonely grave in the desert. Above the grave is a wagon tire, on which is burnt*

*"Rebecca Winter, age 50 years."*

*The music of the hymn sounds faintly, like an echo.*

## INTERLUDE ONE—THE DANCE OF THE METALS

SCENE: *Orofino Creek, a tributary of the Clearwater, on a quiet evening in the summer of 1860. One by one from the silent woods steal mining gnomes; queer little creatures in cloth-of-gold. They dance the Dance of the Metals, gloating over the shining dust accumulated through centuries of patient toil, and kept hidden among the mountains since time immemorial. The music changes to an ominous note. The roll of a war drum is heard like an echo among the hills. The gnomes stop dancing. With a cry, the leader points to the hilltop where a light breaks, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The gnomes vanish among the trees. Two or three, more curious than the rest, reappear at the edge of the*

*timber. The HORSEMAN points to the crest of a lower hill where a second light appears.*

## EPISODE II—GOLD

### Part One—The Discovery

#### Scene 1.—Pierce on the Clearwater, 1860

*Into the light breaks NEZ PERCE JANE, the Indian woman who guided the Argonauts to the mountain El Dorado. Following her appear a body of white men. She points to the valley, whereupon the leader of the party waves his hat. The horseman on the hill above vanishes; the last of the gnomes disappear among the timber. The discoverers, led by CAPT. E. D. PIERCE, descend into the valley. They are bearded prospectors, wearing broad-brimmed, felt hats, blue flannel shirts open at the throat, bandanna handkerchiefs, and pantaloons tucked into high-topped boots. They carry picks and shovels, and wear six-shooters at their belts. They halt beside the creek. One of their number puts down his shovel. They pan the dirt hastily, then, throwing their hats into the air, shout "EUREKA! GOLD! GOLD!" The light shifts from the plain to the hilltop; across its circle come miners, one following another, all of them intent upon making their way into the gold fields.*

#### Scene 2.—The Prospector, 1861

SCENE: *A campfire in the mountains near Pierce City in the autumn of 1861. At the fire sit MOSES SPLAWN, a prospector, and ISRAEL B. COWAN, of Pierce City. Cowan's horse, saddled, is tethered near the fire. Splawn is examining the contents of a gold-pan.*

COWAN (*watching him*). Any gold there, Mose?

SPLAWN. Nary a sign of gold. I've had no luck in this country, like Pierce had. I'm going to move on.

COWAN. Better wait till spring. The snow will be down before long. Wonder what's become of the Pony Express? He should have been in today.

*For answer, Splawn points to the hilltop where a light breaks, revealing a horseman in silhouette against the night. It is JOAQUIN MILLER, the Pony Express rider between Walla Walla and the Clearwater mines. In a moment the rider is pulling up his horse at the fire.*

SPLAWN. Who's there?

MILLER. Pony Express, Walla Walla to Pierce City. Have you any tobacco, pardner? Haven't had a smoke since noon. (*Advancing into the firelight*). Why, it's Mose Splawn! And Cowan. I've got a letter for you, Cowan. (*He hands Cowan a letter, then fills his pipe with tobacco Splawn has given him.*)

SPLAWN (*to Cowan*). Any news of the war?

COWAN (*reading*). My God, my brother has been killed! In action, at a place called Bull Run. The Northern army was beaten. Four more brothers have gone to the front.

MILLER (*pressing his hand*). You have our sympathy, sir.

COWAN. This takes me to Pierce (*To Miller*). I'll ride in with you. (*He mounts*).

SPLAWN. Goodnight.



THE OTHERS (*riding away*). Goodnight.

SPLAWN *sits alone at the fire, smoking. Hearing a noise in the timber, he rises and draws his six-shooter. An Indian steps into the firelight.*

THE INDIAN (*holding up his hand in token of friendship*). How!

SPLAWN. How! (*looking at the Indian intently*). Ah, my friend, I've met you before.

THE INDIAN. I ate the white man's salt on the River of No Return. (*Seeing the gold-pan*). Does he still seek the yellow dust?

SPLAWN. Yes, but I've had no luck. No good medicine.

THE INDIAN. I know place of plenty yellow dust.

SPLAWN (*eagerly*). Where?

THE INDIAN. I speak. (*Pointing*). Cross the mountains to the goslin-green river in the south. Go to the place where it is joined by the Boise river. Follow the Boise river into the mountains. There, in a valley, you will find the yellow metal. I have seen it.

SPLAWN (*looking at the Indian*). I'll do it!

*The roll of a war drum is heard like an echo among the hills. On the hilltop a light breaks revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The HORSEMAN slowly raises his right arm and points towards the south. He vanishes and the scene is dark. The music is "Prospector's Dream" to the air "Susannah."*

### Scene 3—Gold in the Boise Basin, 1862

SCENE: *The Boise Basin in August, 1862. A light breaks on the hilltop. Across its circle steal armed Bannock Indians. They go into ambush among the timber on the slope of the hill. A moment later miners ride over the hill and down into the valley. They are led by GEORGE GRIMES and MOSES SPLAWN.*

SPLAWN (*looking around*). This looks like the place the Indian told me of.

GRIMES. Let's hope you're right, Mose. After our long hunt on the Owyhee for the Blue Bucket diggings, we're due for better luck in your valley of gold. Not that it will do me any good. I'll be dead before sunup.

SPLAWN. You give me the creeps, George. You've been saying that all day. What's going to kill you?

GRIMES. Indians.

SPLAWN. Nonsense. The Indians around here wouldn't harm a chipmunk.

GRIMES. You'll see. And when I'm dead (*pointing to the hilltop*) bury me up there.

*They dismount, FOGUS, a miner, puts down his shovel. They pan the dirt hastily, then, throwing their hats in the air, shout EUREKA! GOLD! GOLD! A rifle volley rings out. The miners throw themselves upon the ground. Indians fire upon them from the timber on the hill-slope. GRIMES, SPLAWN and BRANSTETTER charge towards the hostiles. A single shot; GRIMES falls. SPLAWN, kneeling beside him, lifts him up.*

GRIMES (*dying*). Don't let them scalp me, Mose.

*The scene vanishes. The roll of a war drum is heard, like an echo among the*

hills. A light breaks upon the hilltop, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. For a moment The HORSEMAN broods over the desecrated treasure ground, then, with a gesture of despair, makes way for the invading miners who come over the crest of the hill, one following another, all of them intent upon making their way into the Valley of Gold. The music is "Hunting After Gold" to the air of "Combo."

## PART TWO—THE MINING CAMP

### Scene 1—Old Idaho City, 1863

SCENE: Idaho City in 1863; "The Challenge" bar, the "Jenny Lind" theatre, the "Boise News," the Luna House, the Wells-Fargo express office, a restaurant, a livery stable, and miners' cabins. From the saloon comes the music of the hurdy-gurdy; through its lighted windows miners may be seen playing poker, or grouped around the roulette wheel. The dealer's voice may be heard: "MAKE YOUR GAME, GENTLEMEN, MAKE YOUR GAME: ALL'S DOWN, THE GAME'S MADE!" In front of the restaurant, the express office, and the livery stable are idlers who indulge in good-natured banter. JOHN HAILEY'S stage is in and out again for the Valles over the Blue Mountains. JOHN HAILEY himself is on the box. He sings:

"When you arrive in Placerville or Sacramento City,  
Your striped pants are all worn out, which causes people to laugh,  
When they see you gaping round the town like a great big brindle calf."

A MINER. Look out for road-agents, Uncle John Hailey. If they don't get you at Horseshoe Bend, they'll lay for you at the crossing of the Snake.

HAILEY (*tapping his pistol-belt significantly.*) Let 'em lay. Some of 'em will lay for good. (*He drives off.*)

SECOND MINER. He'll need that gun. This territory is gettin' unhealthy for unarmed men. When the law fails to protect him he'd better do his 'durndest to protect himself.

A commotion among the idlers in front of the livery stable. Through the crowd stalks W. J. McCONNELL, leading a horse. Two or three loafers, encouraged by PATTERSON, a gun-man, sneer at McCONNELL.

PATTERSON. Pretty expensive justice for the melon peddler.

FIRST MINER. What's the row?

PATTERSON (*laughing*). The hayseed from Jerusalem creek claims his horse was stolen. To get him back he had to pay costs and stable bills. Seventy dollars for his own horse! If that isn't a joke I don't know one when I see it.

McCONNELL (*coming up close to Patterson and looking him squarely between the eyes*). I can catch any damn thief that ever stalked these prairies, and the next one who steals a horse from me is my Injun, and there will be no lawsuit about it. Law-breaking, from horsestealing to shooting down in-offensive men in cold blood, has gone far enough in these diggings. If the law won't stop it, I know men who will. And if there is any one



present who don't like my remarks, I'll be in town until sun-up. (*He leads his horse on down the street.*)

PATTERSON talks to REYNOLDS, a gambler. The PONY EXPRESS from the north dashes up, the rider waiting while his horse is exchanged for a fresh mount.

A THIRD MINER. What's the news of the first Idaho legislature, Jack? Have they passed any laws yet?

THE RIDER. Yep, one. They passed a law the first thing that all members must leave their six-shooters and bowie knives outside during sessions. (*All laugh.*)

THIRD MINER. And the county elections—how did they go?

THE RIDER (*mounting his horse*). Waal, there seems to be a majority of Democrats in the territory, but as half the ballot boxes were lost at the crossing of the Salmon, I reckon the Republicans still stand a purty good chance. (*He rides off.*)

*Hill Beachy comes in with his pack-train from Lewiston.*

A FOURTH MINER (*to Beachy*). Where's your packer, Hill? Thought you had too much big business on your hands to drive your pack-trains yourself.

BEACHY. Got a valuable load this trip, pardner. Thought I'd better keep my eye on it.

FOURTH MINER: What valuables are you packin'?

BEACHY. Eggs, mostly.

FOURTH MINER. What will aigs sell for this time?

BEACHY. They're cheaper; twelve dollars a dozen.

FOURTH MINER. Hooray, boys! Aigs is comin' down! Only twelve dollars a dozen!

JIM HAWLEY (*running down the street*). Paper! Boise News! Paper! All about the war! Latest news from the front!

A FIFTH MINER. How much for a paper, boy?

JIM HAWLEY. One dollar.

FIFTH MINER (*throwing him a gold-piece*). Keep the change. (*Reading*). Hooray! Vicksburg is taken!

A SIXTH MINER. Hooray! The Yanks win a three days' fight at Gettysburg!

A SEVENTH MINER. I had a brother in front of Vicksburg.

AN EIGHTH MINER. The damned rebels took mine prisoner at Shiloh.

*The crowd separates into two groups—Northern sympathizers in one, Southern adherents in another. The Northerners cheer and sing "We'll Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys"; the Southerners sing "Dixie."*

A SOUTHERNER. How's that, you Abe Lincoln black abolitionists?

A NORTHERNER. Pretty good, for the left wing of Price's army.

A SECOND SOUTHERNER (*stepping out*). Suh, I have the honor of being a colonel in General Price's army. Your remark is offensive.

THE NORTHERNER. You're a long way from your command, colonel.

THE COLONEL. Unfortunately, I was separated from my command.

THE NORTHERNER. Then you're lucky, colonel, and for that matter, so is your command.

THE COLONEL (*reaching towards his hip*). Will you draw, suh?

*They draw and fire. When the smoke clears away the combatants may be seen running in opposite directions. The miners laugh, both sides alike.*

A NINTH MINER. Gentlemen, the battle of Boise Basin is judged a draw.

*BISHOP TUTTLE comes up the street, accompanied by MRS. LUNA. The Miners remove their hats.*

THE BISHOP. Boys, I'd like very much to hold an impromptu meeting here.

I wonder if one of you will ask the men in the bar to step outside a moment.

A TENTH MINER. Sure, Bishop. (*He routs out the crowd in the bar, including the proprietor, and Gentleman Dick, the dealer*).

THE BISHOP. Gentlemen, this good lady, Mrs. Luna, and I are settling a debt the Boise Basin owes the widow of George Grimes. You all know that George Grimes helped discover these rich gold fields and that he was killed by Indians at a time when he stood ready to reap his reward. Gentlemen, you're all growing rich as a result of his sacrifice. You owe his family a debt of honor. I'm not soliciting charity; I'm asking payment of an obligation. Who'll pay his debt to the widow of George Grimes?

GENTLEMAN DICK. Allow me, Bishop; I'd be delighted to pass the hat. (*He passes his hat; the first contributor throws in a dollar*). A dollar isn't enough. (*Dick draws his six-shooter and twirls it by the trigger guard around his thumb*.) Nothing less than ten dollars, please. (*The men contribute, some of them throwing in small bags of gold dust. With a bow, GENTLEMAN DICK presents the hat to the BISHOP*).

THE BISHOP. Gentlemen, I appreciate your sense of honor. You will have your reward.

GENTLEMAN DICK. In the name of the company here assembled, may I ask for that reward now, sir? Some of us are none too sure of it in the future.

BISHOP. You may, surely.

GENTLEMAN DICK (*to the lady*). Mrs. Luna, we have heard how beautifully you sing. Won't you sing for us?

MRS. LUNA. If you would come to church occasionally, Mr. Alford, you might hear me often. I sing every Sunday. But I will gladly sing for you if Mr. Kelly will play.

*JOHN KELLY, the famous violinist of the Basin, steps forward with his violin. MRS. LUNA sings "Ben Bolt." A miner brushes away a tear.*

ELEVENTH MINER (*blowing his nose violently*). These summer colds are always the worst kind. And now, boys, three cheers for Mrs. Luna. Now three for the Bishop (*They are given; the BISHOP and MRS. LUNA go on down the street*).

*McCONNELL reappears at the corner. PATTERSON, the gun-man, is seated*



on the restaurant porch. Just then a miner, fresh from the diggings, stops in front of PATTERSON.

PATTERSON (indicating McConnell). Watch me bluff that farmer. (*Picking up a bucket of water he throws it over the miner. Blinded, the new-comer instinctively reaches towards his hip.*) You'll draw will you? (PATTERSON draws and fires; the miner falls).

*A crowd gathers; no one makes a move to arrest PATTERSON. McCONNELL comes on steadily. He is joined by GENTLEMAN DICK. PATTERSON aims his pistol at McCONNELL, who continues to advance. The pistol wavers and falls. McCONNELL, taking the weapon from PATTERSON, addresses the deputy sheriff.*

McCONNELL. I turn this murderer over to the law. (*Pointing to the fallen miner*). But if the law doesn't give his victim justice, I know from whom he will receive it.

REYNOLDS (*the gambler*). I'll call your bluff, you law-menders! (*Holding up a notched pistol*). See this six-shooter? It's killed three men, and is good for more. (*Pointing*). My place is on the hill there; I'll be home tonight. Come and get me. There'll be a man or two for breakfast in the morning.

*He stalks up the street. A riderless horse gallops into town.*

A MINER (*rushing up*). The express rider has been robbed and shot!

McCONNELL (*breaking a tense silence*). I call on all good men and true to help uphold the law in this territory.

*The scene darkens. The music is "We'll Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys."*

#### Scene 2—The Vigilantes—1863

SCENE: REYNOLD'S cabin on the hillside, an hour before dawn. Horsemen make their way towards the hill. They dismount and creep towards the cabin, taking advantage of the protection afforded by stumps and bushes. Shots are exchanged. The gunmen inside the cabin surrender. A trial and judgment in pantomime. The condemned men are blindfolded, placed on horseback and led among the timber. In a little while the vigilantes reappear, leading two riderless horses. The roll of a war-drum is heard, like an echo among the hills. A light breaks on the hilltop, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The HORSEMAN remains motionless, with folded arms, as if in judgment; then he holds up his right hand in token of approval. The light dies away and the scene is dark. The music is "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

#### INTERLUDE TWO—THE COWBOY

SCENE: A ranch house at Bernard's Ferry near Nampa, on Snake river. Cowboys and ranchers with their sweethearts and wives come in from all directions for the dance. Some are on horseback, some in wagons. Hearty greetings and good-humored banter are exchanged. The music strikes up. The caller calls the dance from the verses by James Barton Adams in John A. Lomax's "Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cowcamp."

**At a Cowboy Dance**

"Git yo little sage hens ready  
'Trot 'em out upon the floor—  
Line up there, you critters! Steady!  
Lively, now, one couple more!  
Shorty, shed that ol' sombrero;  
Broncho, douse that cigaret;  
Stop yo' cussin' Casimero,  
'Fore the ladies; now, all set:

S'lute your ladies, all together,  
Ladies opposite the same,  
Hit the lumber with your leather,  
Balance all and swing your dame;  
Bunch the heifers in the middle;  
Circle stags and do-ce-do,  
Keep a-steppin' to the fiddle,  
Swing 'em round and off you go.

First four forward. Back to places,  
Second foller. Shuffle back—  
Now you've got it down to cases,  
Swing 'em till their trotters crack.  
Gents all right a-heel and toein'  
Swing 'em—kiss 'em if you kin,  
On to next and keep a-going,  
Till yo hits yo pards agin.

Gents to center, ladies 'round 'em.  
Form a basket; balance all;  
Swing yer sweets to where yo found 'em.  
All p'mnade around the hall.  
Balance to your pards and trot 'em,  
Round the circle double quick,  
Grab and squeeze 'em while you've got 'em.  
Hold 'em to it if they kick.

Ladies, left hand to your sonnies,  
Alaman; grand right and left;  
Balance all and swing your honies;  
Pick 'em up and feel their heft.  
All p'mnade like skeery cattle,  
Balance all and swing your sweets,  
Shake your spurs and make 'em rattle,  
Keno! Promenade to seats!"



*The dance ends. A lone cowboy, out to guard the herd, rides across the plain. He sings:*

"'One-shot Lou' feared no man's lead,  
'Bullet proof,' the horse-thief said.  
They trapped 'One-shot' at Cougar Yell,  
An cut off 'is head but 'is neck got well.  
Sing ki-yi yippy yippy yeh!"

### EPISODE III—THE EPIC OF THE NEZ PERCES, 1877

#### Scene 1—The Defiance.

SCENE: *The Nez Perce camp in June, 1877. THE DREAMER, a medicine man; OLLICUT, YOUNG JOSEPH'S brother and leader of the young men; LOOKING GLASS and WHITEBIRD, sub-chiefs; TOLAH, an Indian woman. They have gathered to hold council with the whites. At the fire, the DREAMER goes through the ceremony of the calumet. He dances to the rhythm of a drum. The roll of a war drum is heard like an echo among the hills. On the hilltop a light breaks, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The HORSEMAN brandishes a war-bow. He vanishes. At the fire the medicine man speaks:*

Warriors of the bold Nez Perces,  
You have seen the magic vision,  
Seen the Light Upon the Mountains,  
E-dah-ho, the Sky-magician;  
Hark then to his fateful message  
Through the wise lips of the Dreamer:  
"E-dah-ho shall send a war-chief  
Send a leader to his people,  
Who shall drive the whites before us,  
Drive them from our hills and valleys.  
Sound the war-drum, shake the hatchet!  
Bid the young men take the war-path  
Blood-red is the moon of battle."  
Thus speaks E-dah-ho the Mighty,  
Thus the Light Upon the Mountains,  
Through the wise lips of the Dreamer.

*Four young braves, led by OLLICUT, take up their rifles and steal away. CHIEF JOSEPH comes. He is tall, straight and handsome. The Indians strike up a song which subsides into irregular bubblings of sound throughout the meeting. The whites approach. They include MR. MONTEITH, the Indian agent; GENERAL HOWARD, department commander; an aide to the general, two troopers, a bugler. JOSEPH shakes hands with the agent and the general. The other Indians do not offer to shake hands with the whites.*

HOWARD. Joseph, the Indian agent, Mr. Monteith, and I have our instructions from Washington. They bid us tell you that you must move your people

upon the reservation. We wish to hear what you have to say, but you may as well know at the outset that the Indians must comply with the orders of the government of the United States.

JOSEPH. General Howard, I did not want to come to this council; but I came, hoping to save blood. My young men are quick tempered, and I have great trouble keeping them from doing rash things. They resent the white man. The white man has no right to take our country. It has always belonged to my people; we will defend this land as long as a drop of Indian blood warms the hearts of our men.

MONTEITH. But Joseph, the Indians sold this land to the government. See, I have the treaty. The old chief, Lawyer, sold it.

JOSEPH (*shaking his head*). You say Lawyer sold it. Suppose a white man should come to me and say, "Joseph, I like your horses and I want to buy them." I say to him, "No, my horses suit me; I will not sell them." Then he goes to my neighbor and says to him, "Joseph has some good horses; I want to buy them but he refuses to sell." My neighbor answers, "Pay me the money and I will sell you Joseph's horses." The white man returns to me and says, "Joseph, I have bought your horses and you must let me have them." If we sold our lands to the government this is the way they were bought.

MONTEITH. But the name of your own father is on this treaty.

JOSEPH. It is a forgery. My father, Old Joseph, would not sell his country. Many moons ago, when Mr. Spalding the white missionary, lived here, my father foresaw the coming of the white man. When he lay dying, he sent for me. I saw that he was dying. He said "My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. A few years more, and the white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and mother." I pressed my father's hand and told him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled and passed away to the spirit land. I buried him in the beautiful Valley of Winding Waters. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal.

HOWARD. Joseph, I respect your feelings; but I must remind you that the agent, myself, and you are under the same government. What it commands us to do, that we must do. The Indians are to come upon the reservation. Then they may hunt and fish outside. But if they refuse to come upon the reservation, the government directs that I use troops to bring them there.

THE DREAMER (*starting forward*). The Great Spirit made the world as it is, and as he wanted it, and he made a part of it for us to live on. I do not



see where you get the authority to say that we shall not live where he has placed us.

HOWARD. The government is my authority. The government says you must go upon the reservation to live. If you persist in disobeying I must take the matter into my own hands.

THE DREAMER (*moving upon Howard with raised tomahawk*). Are you the Great Spirit? Did you make the world? Did you make the sun? Did you make the grass to grow? Did you do all these things that you talk to us as though we were boys and bid us move from one place to another?

HOWARD (*to the troopers*). Arrest that man. (*The troopers lay hold of the Dreamer; the Indians, with threatening gestures, move forward*).

JOSEPH (*holding up his hand to check his braves*). I speak. The arrest of the Dreamer is wrong, but we will not resent the insult. We were invited to this council to express our hearts and we have done so.

HOWARD. I leave you my message. It is not my order. It is the order of the government whom I must obey. You must come upon the reservation. Talk it over once more with your chiefs. Tomorrow I will bring the papers. (*To the troopers*). Release him. (*They release the Dreamer; the whites depart*).

THE DREAMER (*shouting after them*). You cannot change me or make me take back what I have said. (*To Joseph*). Vengeance for this insult!

WHITEBIRD. War!

LOOKING GLASS. A year ago a white man killed my brother. His blood cries aloud!

JOSEPH. I do not want bloodshed. I do not want my people killed. Rather than have war I will give up this country. I will give up my father's grave. I do not want white blood upon the hands of my people.

WHITEBIRD. You are a woman! (*Joseph steps forward*).

THE DREAMER (*interposing*). Joseph, I am the Dreamer; I see visions. I have spoken with E-dah-ho, the Light Upon the Mountains, and he has said:

"E-dah-ho shall send a war-chief  
Who shall drive the whites before us,  
Drive them from our hills and valleys."

Joseph, YOU are that war chief. Fight!

WHITEBIRD. Fight!

LOOKING GLASS. Fight!

TOLAH (*coming up timidly*). Joseph, do not make war upon the white settlers. The little children have done us no harm. Fight the soldiers if you will, but spare the white families. They were your father's friends.

*As JOSEPH hesitates, OLLICUT and his braves return.*

OLLICUT (*throwing down a bloody sack*). The blood of four white men!

*The war-whoop arises. The drum beats furiously. From the distance is heard the sound of a cavalry bugle, blowing "Boots and Saddles." TOLAH steals away.*

JOSEPH, with a gesture of helplessness, goes to his teepee. His wife appears in the entrance.

HIS WIFE (*handing him a rifle*). Fight!

Stretching himself to his full height, JOSEPH brandishes the weapon. The war-whoop arises in shrill triumph.

OLLICUT. Tolah has gone! She will warn the whites.

WHITEBIRD. After her! (*The Indians arm*).

*The roll of a war-drum is heard, like an echo among the hills. A light breaks upon the hilltop, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. Bending a great war-bow, the HORSEMAN looses a flaming arrow into the darkness. He vanishes. Again the war-whoop rises. Faintly, as from a distance, sounds "Boots and Saddles."*

### Scene 2—Indian and Settler

SCENE: SAM LARGE'S ranch on Slate creek, a tributary of the Salmon, on a quiet evening in June, 1877. MR. LARGE is resting in front of the cabin after a day's work. A rancher with his family drives up to the place.

THE RANCHER. A fine night, Mr. Large.

LARGE. Fine indeed, Mr. Fisher. Have you been in town?

FISHER. Yep; been at Lewiston.

LARGE. Any news?

FISHER. No news at all; never saw such a quiet summer.

*TOLAH rides up to the ranch-house.*

TOLAH. All run away quick. Indians on war-path; killing all the whites.

LARGE. Nonsense, Tolah! The Nez Perces have always been friends of the whites.

TOLAH (*pointing to the hilltop, where a thin column of smoke arises, answered by a column on the opposite hill*). Look!

FISHER. The signal fires!

*White settlers, fleeing from the Indians, come in from all directions; a rancher, wounded; a woman carrying her child; a little girl comes in alone; and others. THE LITTLE GIRL (sobbing). The bad Indians killed my papa and mamma.*

*The refugees make ready to defend the ranch house. Indians may be seen coming down the hill. A cavalry bugle is heard, blowing the "Charge." The Indians go into ambush. Soldiers appear on the hilltop. They dismount, buglers taking the horses. The soldiers make their way down the hill, and are fired upon from two sides. Many of them fall. The survivors retreat up the hill. One trooper, turning back, stands at bay with smoking revolver over a fallen comrade until he, too, is shot down. When the last of the soldiers have disappeared, WHITEBIRD approaches the ranch house under a white flag.*

WHITEBIRD. White men, you see we have driven off the soldiers. Now you are at our mercy. We can kill you all.

LARGE. Not before we kill many Indians.

WHITEBIRD. That is true, but in the end, you would all die. But my chief, Joseph, bids me tell you he does not make war on women and children.



We fight only against the Longknives. But we know Tolah is with you. She is false to her people. If you will give up Tolah, we will go away, and spare you.

LARGE. You speak idly; we will not give up Tolah.

TOLAH. Me go.

LARGE. Never, Tolah. You stood by us, and now we'll stand by you. (*To Whitebird*). Go back; we will not give up Tolah.

WHITEBIRD. Then my men will attack. In an hour you will all be dead.

LARGE. Go ahead and attack.

*WHITEBIRD brandishes his rifle. The war whoop arises, to die away before the roll of a war drum which sounds like an echo among the hills. On the hilltop a light breaks revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The HORSEMAN slowly raises his right arm and points first to the north, from whence sounds a cavalry bugle, blowing the "Charge." Then he points to the east, where sounds, faintly, a second bugle. The Indians beat a hasty retreat. On the hilltop appear blue-uniformed reinforcements. Above the troops, a guidon flaps in the wind.*

### Scene 3—The Last Stand

SCENE: *The battleground on Bear Paw Mountain, October 4th, 1877. The epic flight of the Nez Perces is done; a flight, with women and children, of two thousand miles through four states over rugged mountain ranges, down narrow canyons and across foaming rapids. A bugle blows the "Charge." Troops appear on the hilltop, dismount, and fire into the Indian position; a fire answered but feebly by the suffering hostiles. In the foreground GENERAL HOWARD and COLONEL MILES direct operations. An Indian approaches under a white flag. A bugle blows "Cease Firing." The rattle of musketry dies away. Behind the flag bearer rides CHIEF JOSEPH, accompanied by three braves.*

THE FLAG BEARER (*to Howard*). Joseph, war chief, bids me tell you he will talk. With three hundred warriors we have fought three thousand longknives. Eleven times have we fought them. Two thousand miles have we travelled, with women and children, through the mountains. We are worthy foemen. You will grant us a talk.

GENERAL HOWARD. You have made a good fight, and are worthy. Tell your chief we will listen to his talk.

*The flag bearer beckons JOSEPH to approach. The chief and his escort ride towards the white officers who stand a-foot in front of a line of troopers. JOSEPH'S hands are clasped over the pommel of his saddle. His rifle lies across his knees. His head is bowed down. He looks neither to the right nor to the left. Above him, a cavalry guidon flaps in the wind.*

JOSEPH. I speak. I say to General Howard that I know his heart. What he told me before—I have it in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. The Dreamer is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men now, who say "yes" or "no" in council. Ollicut, he who led the young men, is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people—some



of them—have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are. I want to have time to look for my children, and to see how many of them I can find; maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs, my heart is sick and sad. (*Pointing to the horizon.*) From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever!

*The bugles blow "Recall." With dignity, JOSEPH swings himself down from his horse and with an impulsive gesture throws his arm to full length and offers his rifle to GENERAL HOWARD. The General motions him to COLONEL MILES, who receives the token of submission. The officers shake hands with JOSEPH, whose worn and anxious face lights with a sad smile as he takes each proffered hand. Then, turning away, he goes to the tent which has been prepared for him. At the entrance he turns and gazes earnestly towards the mountains. The roll of a war drum is heard, like an echo among the hills. A light breaks on the hilltop, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The HORSEMAN breaks his war-bow, takes off his war-bonnet of eagle feathers, and bows his head. As the scene darkens, "Taps," with its healing notes of peace and rest, is sounded.*

## FINALE

### Past and Present

SCENE: *A homestead in the desert. A young homesteader and his bride sit hand in hand on the doorstep, resting awhile in the cool of the evening. On the desert that stretches away before the house kneel the SPIRITS OF THE WASTE PLACES—motionless, lifeless, drooping, clad in ashen-gray robes. The roll of a war drum is heard like an echo among the hills. On the hilltop a light breaks, revealing the figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The HORSEMAN makes a sign. From the mountains rush down the SPIRITS OF THE WATERS—gaily leaping sprites clothed in filmy garments that stream out behind them like cold, sparkling water fresh off the shining snows. The WATER SPIRITS dance among the SPIRITS OF THE WASTE PLACES, in whom a change appears. Their sombre robes flutter as if stirred by a mountain breeze. They awake, rise, and join in the dance. They dance slowly at first, then faster and faster as water-given life pours through their veins. Their ashen-gray robes fall away, revealing garments the color some of leaves after rain, some of rose petals washed in dew, some of wheat at harvest time. At the edge of the timber reappear the dancing INDIAN SPIRITS, now the guardians of the State's forest heritage. The MINING GNOMES join the dance, which becomes a medley of shifting many-hued figures. The dancers then divide to form a lane through which may be seen the homestead. During the dance the house has been transformed. Its walls are sheltered by clinging vines. It is framed in a border of apple boughs. The homesteader and his wife stand beneath the trees. They are old people now, worn by toil, perhaps, but happy, prosperous, with shining faces. From the house come their son and daughter, dressed for travel. The vacation is over; they are about to return to an Idaho college for a new year. A motor horn is*



sounded. In an automobile which is driven to the ranch house are Indian neighbors—father, mother and children. The Indian boy and girl have come to see their white playmates off to school. The parents of both races, old feuds forgotten, old wrongs righted, smile upon the younger group. The roll of a war drum is heard like an echo among the hills. On the hilltop a light breaks, revealing the motionless figure of a gigantic INDIAN HORSEMAN in silhouette against the night. The HORSEMAN holds aloft a burning torch. He points to the plain where a procession of the actors in the pageant, marshalled by the University, comes in view. The automobile, carrying the white and Indian children, falls in at the rear of the procession.

At the homestead the older people remain watching the passing of old years and new. As the procession reaches the stands IDAHO takes her place at its head and leads it across the field. The music is "Here We Have Idaho." As the procession fades into the darkness, and the lights of the ranch house die away, the music changes to "Behold the Dawning Light upon the Mountains." Singing, the actors in the pageant point towards the hilltop where still stands the motionless figure of the Indian horseman in silhouette against the night.

THE END.

## THE HISTORICAL OUTLINE

### 1.—The Indian Prophecy

Along the upper Snake river, in the old days, lived the western band of the great Shoshoni Indian tribe. During the closing years of the 18th century the chief of this band had a daughter, Sacajawea, the Bird-woman. When a child, Sacajawea was stolen from her people by the Minnetarees, a tribe which roamed the plains to the east of the Rockies.

### 2.—Lewis and Clark

On August 11, 1805, the Lewis and Clark expedition, guided by the Bird-woman, now the wife of the French-Canadian interpreter, first set foot in Idaho in what is now Lemhi county. They came upon Indians whom Sacajawea recognized as belonging to her own tribe, the Shoshonis. She found to her delight that the Shoshoni chief, Cameahwait, was her own brother. The Shoshonis willingly furnished horses and guides to the whites.

### 3.—David Thompson

In 1809, David Thompson, of the Northwest Merchants Company of Canada, having entered Idaho from the north built substantial log houses on the north-east shore of Lake Pend d'Oreille under the name of "Kullyspell House." Thompson, an Englishman, was an intrepid pathfinder, an accurate surveyor and an upright man. Because of his practise of taking celestial observations the Indians named him Koo-koo-sint, the "Star Man." Thompson was a staunch churchman and made it an invariable rule in the wilderness to read twice every day from the Bible.

### 4.—John Reed

In 1813 John Reed, a partner in the Pacific Fur Company and a member of the famous Hunt expedition overland to Astoria two years earlier, returned from the coast to the Snake country and built a cabin at the mouth of the Boise river, then a fine beaver stream. In January 1814 he and his little party were killed by Indians while trapping along the Boise, the only survivors being the Indian wife of the hunter Dorion, and her two children. For some years after this disaster the Boise river was known as Reed's river.

### 5.—Henry Harmon Spalding

In 1836 the Reverend Henry H. Spalding and his wife settled as missionaries among the Nez Perces on Lapwai creek near the present site of Lewiston. Here they built a home of logs, the first dwelling erected for a white family in Idaho. The Spaldings opened an Indian school where the Nez Perces were taught not only a religious faith but also agriculture and domestic art. Shortly after the arrival of the Spaldings, William Craig, a Virginian, made a home near the mission on Lapwai creek.

### 6.—Father De Smet

Father Peter J. De Smet was a famous Indian missionary belonging to the Jesuit order of the Roman Catholic church. Between 1840 and 1863 he made



five journeys to the Oregon country. By his orders in 1842 Father Nicholas Point and Brother Charles Huet founded the Mission of the Sacred Heart among the Coeur d'Alene Indians on the St. Joe river near the southern end of Lake Coeur d'Alene. In 1846 the mission was removed to the Coeur d'Alene river, where the Fathers built the famous Old Mission at Cataldo, which still stands.

#### **7.—The Oregon Trail**

The Oregon Trail was the longest and most important of the early roads to the West. The trail in Idaho followed the south side of Snake river to a point near Glens Ferry, then struck northwestward to Boise river, then down Boise river to the Snake again, where it crossed at the ford near old Fort Boise, the historic Hudson's Bay Company's post. The trip across the plains was too dangerous for a single family, so the emigrants banded together in great wagon-trains for mutual protection. Practically the only method of travel was in a heavy, covered, springless wagon drawn by two or more span of oxen. At night, on the plains, a great wagon corral was formed, the stock "night-herded", and campfires made on the outside of the corral.

#### **8.—Gold on the Clearwater**

During the decade which followed the discovery of gold in California, restless bands of prospectors were ever on the lookout for traces of the precious metal. In the summer of 1860 Captain E. D. Pierce discovered gold in Idaho on Canal gulch of Orofino creek, a tributary of the Clearwater river. The discovering party was guided to the place by an Indian woman called Nez Perce Jane. Within a few months came a rush of miners overland to the Clearwater country. Pierce City, named for Captain Pierce, and the neighboring camp of Orofino, sprang into existence almost overnight.

#### **9.—The Prospector**

While seated one night at his campfire in the north Idaho mountains, Moses Splawn, a prospector, was visited by a friendly Bannack Indian, who described a valley in the mountains to the south wherein lay hidden yellow metal. In 1862 Splawn led a party to the Snake river country in search of this valley.

#### **10.—Gold in the Boise Basin**

On the Snake river Moses Splawn joined forces with a party led by George Grimes. After searching in vain among the Owyhee mountains for the lost "Blue Bucket" diggings, the prospectors went into the hills to the north of the Snake where they discovered gold in the Boise Basin. Scarcely had they realized their good fortune when Grimes, the leader, was shot and killed by hostile Bannacks.

#### **11.—Old Idaho City**

The Boise Basin rivalled in richness the most famous California placers. By the spring of 1864 over 16,000 people had rushed into the new El Dorado. Idaho City became the metropolis of the Basin and for a time the most populous city in Idaho territory, which was formed in March, 1863. Life in the early mining camps was a feverish existence set against a highly colored background.

Adventurous, courageous, giving full rein to gambling instincts, impulsive, generous, equally capable of genuine friendships and intense resentments, the blue-shirted miner was a picturesque figure that almost to a man has now prospected the Last Divide.

### 12.—The Vigilantes

Desperadoes came flocking into the new Idaho camps. Their chief business was stealing horses, robbing stages and murdering miners. These outlaws became so numerous and powerful in some camps that the miners found it necessary to form themselves into Vigilance Committees. The most famous "committee" in the Basin was that of the Payette Vigilantes, headed by W. J. McConnell. The punishment meted out to bad men by the vigilantes was secret, swift and final.

### 13.—The Nez Perce War

Since the days of Lewis and Clark, the Nez Perce Indians had always maintained friendly relations with the whites. In time, however, despite the Indian protests, whites began to settle on Nez Perce lands. In 1877, the Indian Bureau at Washington ordered the Wallowa band of Nez Percés to abandon the "Valley of Winding Waters" and go upon the Lapwai reservation in Idaho. These orders were given the Indians by General Howard, department commander, at a dramatic council at Lapwai in May, 1877. Chief Joseph's efforts to quiet his young men were without avail, for Indians of the non-treaty bands attacked white settlers on the lower Salmon in June, 1877.

Many of the settlers in this district were warned of an Indian outbreak by Tolah, a Nez Perce woman friendly to the whites. Cavalry were sent against the hostiles but in Whitebird canyon on June 17 two troops under Captain Perry were defeated and nearly wiped out.

On July 17, after a gallant stand on the Clearwater, Chief Joseph began his epic flight over the Lo Lo trail. Hampered with women, children, and old men as well as with camp equipage and stock, he worked his way for two thousand miles over high mountains, down deep canyons, across raging torrents, and through tangled underbrush until he was finally intercepted by Colonel Miles on Bear Paw mountain, in Montana. Joseph surrendered on October 4th, 1877. An able commander, a generous victor, a man of noble feeling, capable of sustaining a high dignity in defeat, Chief Joseph stands out as one of the finest as well as one of the most pathetic American Indian figures.

### 14.—The Meaning of the Name "Idaho."

The name "Idaho" is a contraction of a Shoshoni word. From his teepee at dawn through the clear, exhilarating air, the Shoshoni beheld a lustrous rim of light shining from the mountain tops above the timber line. He exclaimed "Ee-dah-how!" "Behold, the sun coming down the mountains!" The figurative or poetic translation of the phrase is the familiar "Gem of the Mountains." For the pageant, it has been interpreted nearer the original meaning as "The Light upon the Mountains."



### A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF IDAHO PAGEANT MATERIAL

In the Idaho Pageant many interesting historical episodes were of necessity omitted. The Hunt expedition; Lewis and Clark and the Nez Perces; the fur argonauts of the Snake country—Donald McKenzie, Alexander Ross, Peter Skene Ogden, Nathaniel Wyeth, Francis Payette, Francis Ermatinger, Captain Bonneville; the Mormon pioneers; the Magruder murder; the Mullan road; the Coeur d'Alene mining discoveries; the sheep era; the Union Pacific; the formation of the territory; statehood; all of these names and events offer rich material to Idaho pageant makers in succeeding years. For their convenience and, indeed, for the satisfaction of all who love a brave story, the following selected bibliography of Idaho history is included:

C. J. Brosnan, *History of the State of Idaho*.

John Hailey, *History of Idaho*.

W. J. McConnell, *Early History of Idaho*.

James H. Hawley, *History of Idaho*.

H. H. Bancroft, *History of Washington, Oregon and Idaho*.

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O. D. Wheeler, *The Trail of Lewis and Clark*.

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Constance Lindley Skinner, *Adventurers of Old Oregon*.

Eliza Spalding Warren, *Memories of the West*.

Father De Smet, *Letters*.

W. A. Goulder, *Reminiscences*.

D. S. Tuttle, *Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop*.

Ethelbert Talbot, *My People of the Plains*.

E. V. O'Hara, *Pioneer Catholic History of Oregon*.

C. T. Brady, *Northwestern Fights and Fighters*.

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The book of the pageant was written by Talbot Jennings. The technique of pageantry, a new art in Idaho, was given by Dr. G. M. Miller. The historical material was suggested by C. J. Brosnan. The outline of the pageant was worked out by the book committee as a whole. For criticism of the dramatic episodes the pageant is indebted to John C. Cushman. Blaine Stubblefield supplied the verse of the cowboy rider, Miss French, the story of Tolah. The financial responsibility for the pageant was assumed by the Class of 1923. Its guiding spirit has been the President of the University.









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